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UNDER TAKER



ISBN 1-891243-08-X



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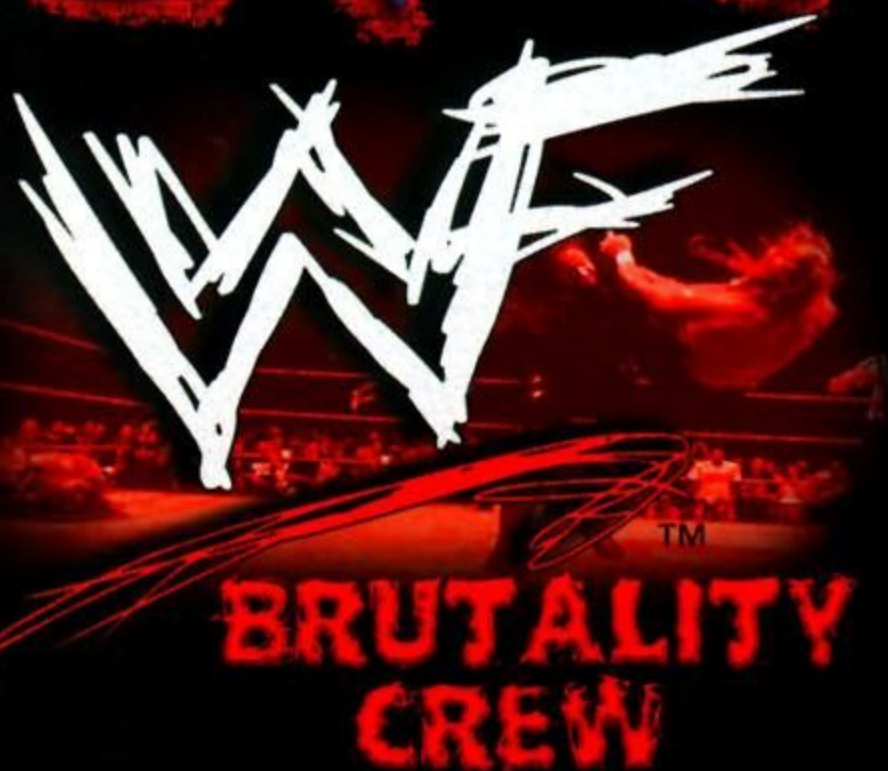
REB

DANNY MIKI

SEASON

UNDERTAKER

#2 - Die Hard..... Forever!



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STORY SO FAR

During the age when the dark arts ruled the Earth, the human with the darkest of all souls crossed the threshold from the living to the dead. He was called The Embalmer, and he used his evil science to take over the blackest place of all, Stygian: Hell's prison. His plan? To take command of the Dark Souls, and eventually overthrow Satan as ruler of Hell. In today's world he masquerades as Augustus Slayer, owner of Millennium, one of the most powerful companies in the world. The Embalmer sends his dark-souled minions to destroy the Undertaker in the squared circle of the wrestling ring. But the Undertaker, in his quest to obtain all three Books of the Dead and reclaim the guardianship of Stygian, will not be swayed from his mission. After sending the evil Mezzmor back to Stygian, the Undertaker discovers the holder of the second Book of Death: The loathsome and repugantly porcine Paul Bearer.

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THAT'S RIGHT, DEADMAN... IT IS I... PAUL BEARER!

ALWAYS THERE WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT ME... OR WANT ME.

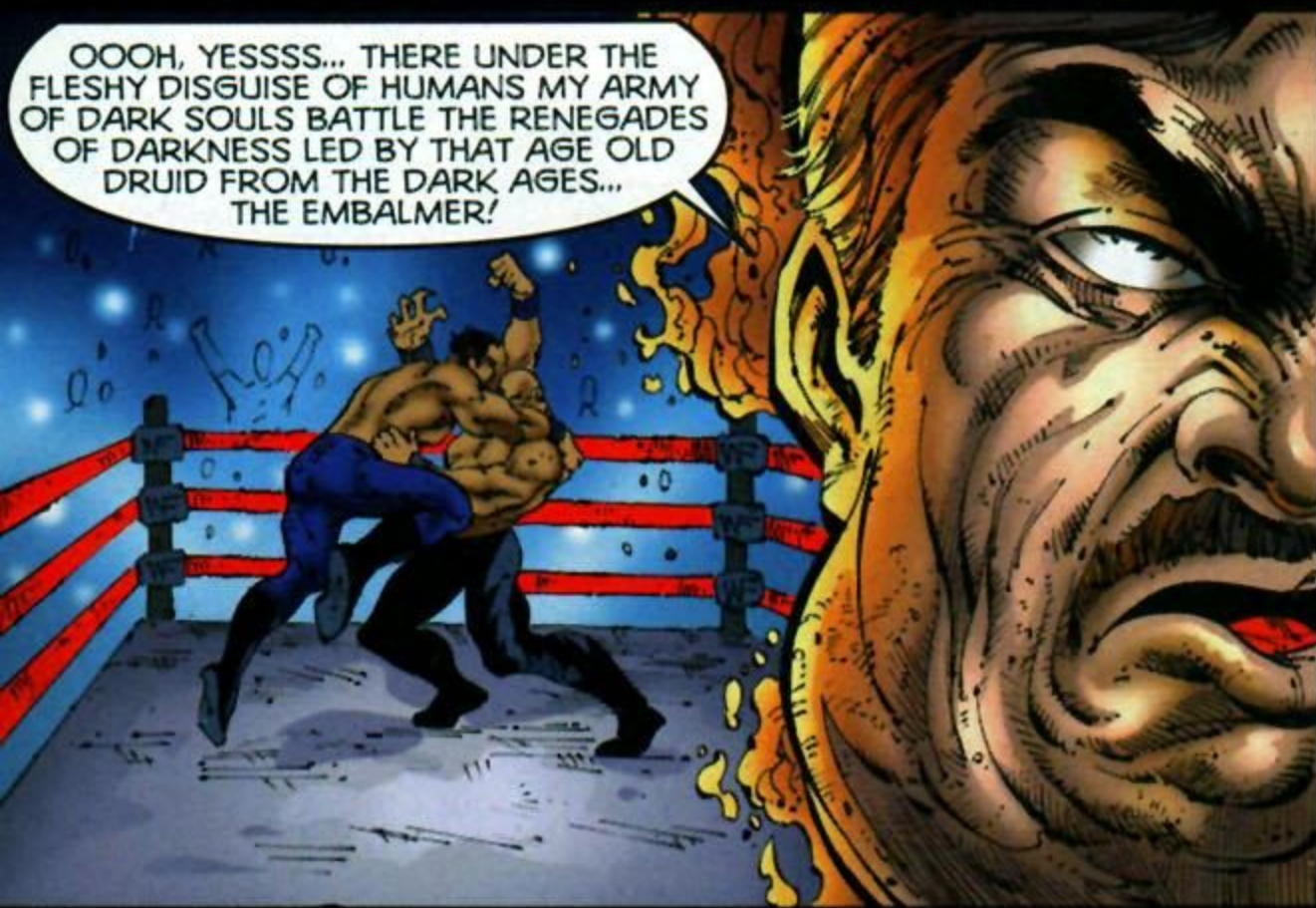
GRRRR...



AS YOU HAVE NO DOUBT FIGURED OUT... THE DAYS OF HIT AND RUN IN STYGIAN ARE OVER. THE FINAL BATTLE FOR THE DARK SIDE IS TAKING PLACE IN A NEW ARENA.



AND THAT ARENA IS...
EARTH!



OOOH, YESSSS... THERE UNDER THE FLESHY DISGUISE OF HUMANS MY ARMY OF DARK SOULS BATTLE THE RENEGADES OF DARKNESS LED BY THAT AGE OLD DRUID FROM THE DARK AGES... THE EMBALMER!



AFTER MY ARMY DEFEATS HIS BY IMMORTAL COMBAT WE WILL NOT ONLY SEND THEM BACK TO STYGIAN, BUT WE WILL RULE IT!

"AND WITH MY REIGN OF
STYGIAN ALL THAT HAVE
OPPOSED ME WILL FEEL
MY UNHOLY WRATH."

"THE EMBALMER AND HIS
FOOLISH FOLLOWERS WILL
SERVE AS AMUSEMENT FOR
MY DARK MINIONS. THEY
WILL SUFFER AND THEN
SUFFER MORE."

"THE GUARDS OF STYGIAN --
THE DEATHWATCH WILL
DIE OVER IN WAYS TOO
PUTRID TO SPEAK OF."

"AND YOU,
DEADMAN..."

"YOU WILL BE JUST THAT. A DEADMAN
FOR ALL ETERNITY. I WILL PERSONALLY
SEE TO YOUR ETERNAL PAIN AND
SUFFERING. YOU WILL DIE SLOWLY AND
MANY TIMES OVER. YOU WILL BEG ME
TO KILL YOU AND THAT WILL BE THE
LULLABY THAT BRINGS ME ETERNAL JOY!"





Oh, YES...
YES! WITH ALL
THREE BOOKS OF
DEATH IN MY HANDS
I WILL RELISH MY RULE
OVER ALL THAT IS MORTAL
AND IMMORTAL. I
WILL BE THE SUN,
THE MOON...

**THE
UNIVERSE!**



NOOO...
I WILL...
WINNNN...

BOOM



NO!

YOUR
RULE WILL
BE AS FALSE
AS YOUR
FLOATING FAT
FACE.



WHOOSH

IT IS
YOU THAT
WILL STOK
THE FIRES
OF STYGIAN
WITH YOUR
WHALE
LARD OF A
BODY!



THE
PROPHECY
WILL BE
FULFILLED.

SO
SAYS THE

**UNDER
AKER**



PAUL BEARER...
THE EMBALMER...
ON EARTH.

IT IS AS
THE DEATH
SCRIBE HAS
WRITTEN...



SO IT
SHALL
BE!



IN THE
THIRD VOLUME
OF THE
BOOK OF
DEATH!



IT IS THERE THAT
THE FINAL BATTLE
FOR STYGIAN WILL
TAKE PLACE.

IT IS THERE THAT I MUST
INTERCEDE AND BRING DOWN
BOTH WARRING FACTIONS.



SO IT IS
WRITTEN...



MASTER...
WHAT IS IT?
YOU ARE IN
PAIN.

ARRGH!!

ARRGH!!



DON'T
TOUCH ME,
FOOL!

Uhh...

WHAACK



EMBALMER?
WHAT IS IT?

Uhh...

HE IS
HERE.

WHO,
MASTER?



THE
UNDERTAKER.



THE
CHOSEN
ONE?

HISsss...



BOOOOSH

YAAEAAGH!



I WILL NOT
HEAR WORDS OF
TREASON! I AND
I ALONE AM THE
CHOSEN RULER
OF STYGIAN!

NOT THE
TRANSGRESSOR
KNOWN AS THE
UNDERTAKER!



LET THIS BE AN
EXAMPLE OF THE
FATE FOR THOSE
THAT DOUBT
ME!

BRUUCCSH



WITH THE UNDERTAKER
HERE ON EARTH HE WILL
BE DRAWN TO THE
WRESTLING
ARENA.

I WANT TO
END THIS BEFORE HE
CAN GET A FOOTHOLD
WITHIN THE WORLD
WRESTLING
FEDERATION.



GO TO THE
ARENA AND BRING
HIM HERE. ONCE HE IS
WITHIN THE WALLS OF
THE MILLENNIUM TRICORP
I WILL UNLEASH THE
HORDE OF DARK SOULS
AS WELL AS MY OWN
POWER UPON THE
UNDERTAKER.

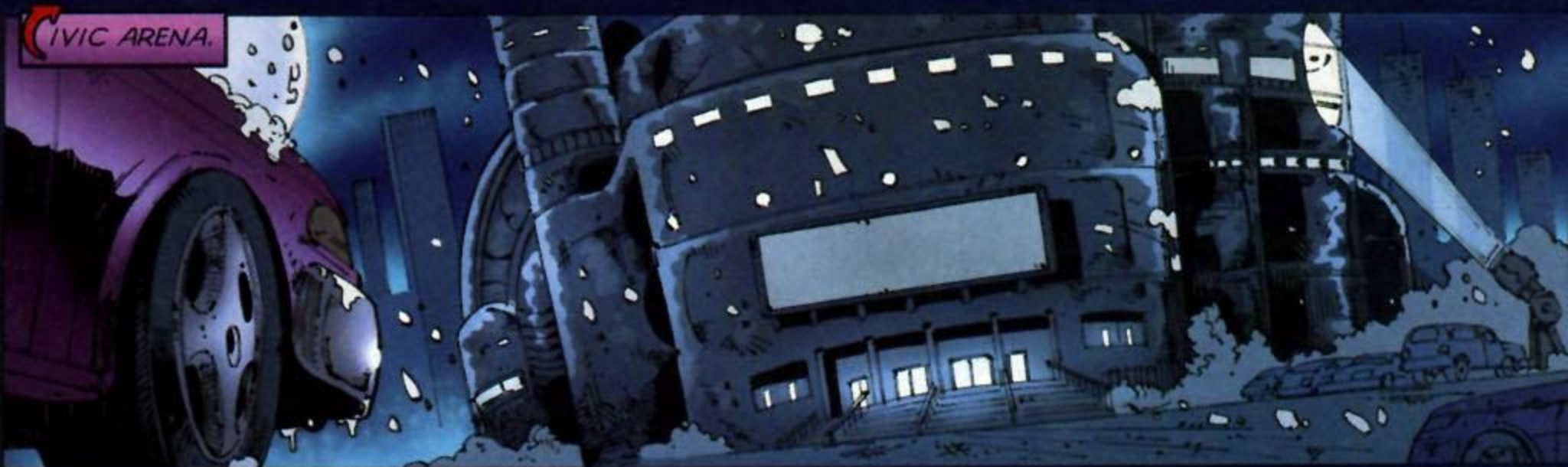


WITH THE
UNDERTAKER
DESTROYED...



I WILL
JOIN THE THIRD
BOOK OF DEATH
WITH MY OWN
VOLUME.

AND BE
ONE STEP CLOSER
TO COMPLETE
ARMAGEDON!



HEY, MATT. YA GOTTA OIL THE WHEELS ON THIS THING.

YEAH? WELL, SUCK IT UP, FLINT. A LITTLE SQUEAK AIN'T GONNA KILL YA.



YES...

I SMELL THE STENCH OF DARK SOULS.

YEAH... I BET YOU DO, PUNK!

CHECK HIM OUT, SMOOTCHIE... IT'S THE STINKWEED OF STYGIAN!

YEAH... THE BIG BAD UNDERTAKER, PUCKER. I GUESS HE'S LOOKIN' FOR US.

YEAH...
AND MY GUESS
IS THAT HE CAN
SEE US THE WAY
WE REALLY ARE.
AHAHAHRHAH.

WHAT
DO YA SAY
WE GIVE HIM
A REAL
EYEFUL...

I SEE THAT THE
TASTE OF FREEDOM
HAS GIVEN YOU
FALSE COURAGE,
DEMONS!

MISSED
MEI MISSED
MEI NOW YOU
GOTTA KISS
ME!

HEHE
HEHEHE!

Ohhh!
KISSING
KOUSINS
IS TRYING TO
PLAY SPIN THE
BOTTLE WITH
THE NEW BIG
GUY.

JEEPERS
CREEPERS... I
SEE A LOT
WITH MY
PEEPERS!

I WONDER
IF BIG DADDY
VINNY MAC KNOWS
HE HAS THE CAST
OF THE EXORCIST
WRESTLING
FOR HIM?

WE'D LOVE TO STAY AND
GIVE YA OUR KISS OF DEATH
FINISHING MOYE, BUT THE
BOSS HAS LARGE PLANS FOR
YOU, UNDERTAKER.

WE'RE
OUTTA
HERE.
A
YAPORI!

A
MISTI!

WE'RE
HISTORY!

AAARGH!

OH, YEAH!
EXTRA LARGE!

SOME
HOW I DON'T
THINK THAT
MOVE WAS
LEGAL.

IF THEY
CAN USE THAT
THEN I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO USE
A FOLDING
CHAIR!

REALLY,
Mr. SOCKO?

YOU THINK
VINNY WOULD
TAKE A
CONFERENCE
CALL WITH US
ON THIS?

THE MILLENNIUM
TRICORP. BUILDING.



YAAAGHH...
HE'S... PULLING
ME... OOH...

HEY!
WHERE'S
BACK
UP?

WE'VE
GOT HIM ALL
WARMED
UP!

GRRR...

SWIRRLISH



IT'S REAL WARM
WHERE YOU
PUNKS ARE
GOING



GRIAAAAAT



GRIIIIIIAA

DO YOU
HEAR IT,
EMBALMER?

DEATH
HAS COME
KNOCKING.





YOU
KNOW
WHAT TO
DO.
I WANT
THIS BUILDING
LITTERED
WITH HIS TORN
FLESH!



HISSES
HISSES
HISSES



WHERE
ISS HE?
SEEK
HIM
OUT!



HEHE! I
ALWAYS KNEW
SMOOTCHIE WAS
FULL OF SHI...





WHUGH!

CUTE TRICK,
DEADMAN!



AARGH!

BRUTE
SSSTRENGTH
IS NICE, BUT I
PREFER TO PLAY
WITH MY FOOD
BEFORE I
EAT IT!

SSSWWEEET!



MMRRGH!

WHAT'S
THAT?

SPEAK
UP... CAN'T
HEAR YOU...
HAHAHA
HAHEHH!

BRUTALITY!



WHUUMP





GOING...

**STRAIGHT
TO
HELL!**



SLAAM

SLIVVV

BOOM



HE
WENT DOWN
IN THE
ELEVATOR!

YEEGH...
MY TAIL!

QUICKLY
TELL THE
EMBALMER!

LET'S
GO!



THE REST
OF YOU TAKE
THE STAIRS. YLAD
AND I WILL TAKE
THE FAST TRACK
TO HIS
DEATH!

YESSS...



SKREEEE



SRRECH SRRECH

GRRR...



RRREEE

YESSSS!



UUURKK!

DRACO?



HUNGRY?
OPEN
WIDE.

SHUMPG

WURKA



MUST
GET...
HELP...



WURKA



THUMP
THUMP

FROM
NOW
ON...
TAKE
YOUR OWN
PHONE
CALLS.

AAAUGH!







AND TIME FOR YOUR
DESTRUCTION!

To be continued...
MAYBE.

A bald man with a wide, toothy smile is holding a white t-shirt in front of his chest. He is wearing a dark shirt underneath. The background is a light-colored, textured curtain. The t-shirt has the words "SCANNED BY KMAN000001" printed in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

**SCANNED
BY
KMAN000001**